



At morn the rosebud greets the sun  
And sheds the evening dew,  
Expanding ere the day is done,  
    In bloom of radiant hue  
And when the sun his rest hath found,  
Rose-Petals strew the garden round!

Thus that blest Isle that owns the Rose  
From mist and darkness came,  
A million glories to disclose,  
    And spread BRITANNIA'S name;  
And ere Life's Sun shall leave the blue,  
ENGLAND shall reign the whole world through!



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